

T H E

GOAT'S BEARD.

A F A B L E.

PROPRIA QUÆ MARIBUS—
FOEMINEO GENERI TRIBUUNTUR.

LILLY'S GRAMMAR.

D U B L I N :

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M,DCC,LXXVII.

GODDARD'S BEARD.

W. F. & D. L. E.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

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Capellæ et Hirci.

BARBAM Capellæ quum impetrâssent ab Jove,
Hirci mœrentes indignari cœperant,
Quod dignitatem fœminæ æquâssent suam;
“ Sinite, inquit, illis gloriâ vanâ frui,
“ Et usurpare vestri ornatum muneris :
“ Pares dum non sint vestræ fortitudini.”

Hoc argumentum monet ut sustineas tibi
Habitum esse similes, qui sint virtute impares.

The Purport of the above Fable is this. When the She-Goats had, by their intreaties, obtained of Jupiter the privilege of having Beards as well as the Males, the He-Goats grew angry; and complained, that he had degraded their dignity by admitting the females to equal honours with themselves.

To which the God replied, That if they would take care to preserve the real and essential advantages which their sex gave them over the other, they would have no reason to be dissatisfied with letting them participate in what was merely ornamental.

THE GREAT BRITAIN
AND
IRELAND
FROM THE DEATH OF
CHARLES THE SECOND
TO THE PRESENT
TIME
BY
JOHN HANCOCK
ESQ.
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE
IN LINCOLN'S INN
LONDON
Printed by J. Sturges, at the Golden Anchor, in Pall-mall
1744

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GOAT'S BEARD.

A F A B L E.

IN eight terse Lines has Phædrus told
(So frugal were the Bards of old)
A Tale of Goats ; and clos'd with grace
Plan, Moral, all, in that short space.
Alas, that ancient Moralist
Knew nothing of the slender twist
Which Italy, and France, have taught
To later times to spin the thought.

They are our masters now, and We
 Obsequious to their high decree,
 Whate'er the Classic Critics say,
 Will tell it in a modern way.

'Twas somewhere on the hills, which lie
 'Twixt Rome and Naples' softer clime,
 (They can't escape the Traveller's eye,
 Nor need their names be told in rhyme)

A Herd of Goats, each shining morn,
 Midst scraggy myrtle, pointed thorn,
 Quick glancing to the Sun display'd
 Their spotted sides, and pierc'd the shade.
 There Goat-herds still, like those of old,
 Pipe to the stragglers of the fold.

'Twas there—and there (no matter when)
 With VIRGIL's leave, we place the scene.
 For scarcely can we think his swains
 Dealt much in goats on Mantua's plains;
 Much less could e'er his Shepherds dream
 Of pendent rocks on Mincio's stream,

From

From Naples his enliven'd thought

Its fondest, best ideas caught.

Theocritus perhaps beside

Some kind embellishments supply'd,

And Poets are not common men—

Who talks of Goats in Ely fen !

'Twas there, on one important day,

It chanc'd the He-goats were away,

The Ladies of the Colony

Had form'd a female Coterie ;

And, as they browz'd the cliffs among,

Exerted all their power of tongue.

Of ease and freedom much they spoke,

Enfranchis'd from the Husband's yoke ;

How bright the sun, how soft the air,

The Trefoyle flowers were sweeter far,

Whilst thus *alone* they might debate

The hardships of the married state.

Encourag'd by the quick'ning flame

Which spread, and caught from dame to dame,

A Matron,

A Matron, fager than the rest,

The fair enthusiasts thus address'd :

“ Ladies, I joy to see, what I

“ Have felt, and smother'd with a sigh,

“ Should touch at length the general breast,

“ And honest Nature stand confest.

“ Queens as we are, we see our power

“ Usurp'd, and daily sinking lower.

“ Why do our Lords and Masters reign

“ Sole Monarchs o'er their subject train?

“ What stamp has Nature given their line,

“ What mark to prove their *right divine*

“ To lead at will the passive herd?

“—It can be nothing but their Beard.

“ Observe our shapes, our winning airs,

“ Our spots more elegant than theirs;

“ With equal ease, with equal speed

“ We swim the brook, or skim the mead;

“ Climb the tall cliff, where wild thyme grows,

“ On pinnacles undaunted browze,

“ Hang

“ Hang fearless o’er th’ impetuous stream,

“ And skip from crag to crag like them.

“ Why are they then to *us* preferr’d ?

“ —It can be nothing but their Beard.

“ Then let us to great Jove prepare

“ A sacrifice and solemn prayer,

“ That He would graciously relieve

“ Our deep distress, and kindly give

“ The all we want to make us shine

“ Joint Empreses by *right divine*.”

A general murmur of applause

Attends the speech. The common cause

Glow in each breast, and all defy

The bonds of Salique tyranny.

The mild, the timorous grow bold ;

And, as they faunter to the fold,

Ev’n Kids, with voices scarcely heard,

Lisp out,—“ ’Tis nothing but the beard.”

Agreed. And now with secret care

The due lustrations they prepare :

And

And having mark'd a sacred field,
 Of horns a spacious altar build ;
 Then from the fragrant herbs that grow
 On craggy cliff, or mountain's brow,
 They cull the sweets ; and stuff the pile
 With * *Tragopogon*'s downy spoil,
 And gums of † *Tragacanth* to raise
 The bickering flame, and speed the blaze.
 But chief the flower beyond compare,
 The flaunting § *Woodbine* revell'd there,
 Sacred to Goats ; and bore their name
 'Till Botanists of modern fame
 New-fangled titles chose to give
 To almost all the plants that live.

* *Tragopogon*] A Plant called in English, the Goat's Beard.

† *Tragacanth*] The Goat's Thorn. The gums of this plant are used in medicine.

§ *Woodbine*] The *Caprifolium*, or Goat's Leaf of the ancients and of Tournefort. Linnæus ranks it under the genus of *Lonicera*, as he does the *Tragacanth* under that of *Astragalus*.

Of these a hallow'd heap they place
 With all the skill of female grace ;
 Then spread the springs to catch the air,
 And light them with the brushy hair
 Pluck'd sily from their husbands' chins,
 In seeming sport, when love begins.

“ Hear, Father Jove ! if still thy mind
 “ With partial fondness views our kind ;
 “ If, nurs'd by Goats, as story says,
 “ Thou still retain'st their gamesome ways ;
 “ If on * thy shield *her* skin appears
 “ Who fed with milk thy infant years ;
 “ If Capricorn advanc'd by thee
 “ Shines in the sphere a Deity, &c. &c.
 “ Hear, Father Jove, our just request ;
 “ O grant us beards, and make us blest !”

* *Thy Shield*] The *Ægis*, called so from the Goat's skin which covers it.

Swift mounts the blaze, the scented sky
 Seems pleas'd, the Zephyrs gently sigh,
 And Jove himself, in frolic mood,
 Reclining on an amber cloud,
 Snuff'd in the gale; and, tho' he hides
 A laugh which almost burst his sides,
 Smil'd gracious on the suppliant crew;
 And from the left his thunder flew:
 Blest omen of success! Ye Fair,
 Who know what tyrants spouses are,
 If e'er you slip the tighten'd rein,
 Or gave a furly Husband pain,
 Guess at *their* joy.—Devoutly low
 They bent, and with prophetic glow
 They wreath'd their necks, they cock'd their tails,
 With skittish coyness met the males,
 And scarce admitted the embrace
 But *merely* to preserve the race.

But chief the river banks they throng;
 Narcissus-like o'er fountains hung,

And

And not a puddle could they pass
 Without a squint to view their face,
 Happy to see the sprouts arise
 Which promised future dignities.

When lo! their utmost wish prevails.

A Beard, as graceful as the male's,
 Flows from their chins; and forth they mov'd.
 At once to be rever'd and lov'd;
 Looking (to borrow a quaint phrase
 From YOUNG, to deck our humbler lays)

“ Delightfully with all their might.”

The He-goats started at the sight.

“ Angels and ministers of grace !”

Appear'd on theirs, like * Garrick's face.

Glance after glance oblique they sent,

Then fix'd in dumb astonishment.

* *Garrick's face*] in the character of Hamlet.

Scarce more amaz'd did † Atlas stand,
 Sole monarch of th' Hesperian strand,
 When Perseus on his shield display'd
 Terrific charms, the Gorgon's head.

At last recovering their surprize,
 For Goats, like men, are sometimes wise,
 On this absurd, new-modell'd plan,
 Like human couples, they began,
 Unwilling, for decorum's sake,
 Quite to unite, or quite to break.
 With short, half words, and looks that leer'd,
 They frown'd, they pouted, and they sneer'd.
 In *general terms* express'd their thoughts
 On *private* and *peculiar* faults ;
 Dropp'd hints they scarcely wish'd to smother,
 And talk'd not *to* but *at* each other.

† *Atlas*] Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Book 4th. Fab. 15th.

'Till strife engend'ring more and more,
 They downright wrangled, if not swore ;
 And ev'n the Fair could scarce refrain

From broad expressions, when they saw
 Th' accomplishments they wish'd to gain,
 Created not respect but awe ;
 And softer Kids usurp'd the flames
 Due only to experienc'd Dames.

'Twas then the general discord rose ;
 And Jove (industrious to compose
 The casual feuds his hasty nod
 Had caus'd ;) well worthy such a God,
 Conven'd the States. And tho' he knew
 What mortals say is really true,
 " Advice is sometimes thrown away,"
 He bade them meet, and fix'd the day.

Each conscious of their claim divide
 In separate bands on either side.
 Like Clients in a party cause

Determin'd to succeed or die,

(Whate'er

(Whate'er their Judge may talk of laws)

Stanch martyrs to integrity.

The God appear'd, in proper state,

Not as the arbiter of fate,

With all those ensigns of command

Which sway the air, the sea, the land,

But yet with dignity, to draw

Attention, and becoming awe.

“ Approach :” he cry'd, “ your idle strife

“ Has rais'd a thought : I'll give it life.

“ For know, ye Goats, my high behests

“ Shall not be thrown away on Beasts.

“ When Sexes plead, the cause is common ;

“ Be Goats no more, but Man and Woman.”

The change ensues. He smil'd again,

And thus address'd the motley train.—

(Here might we tell, in Ovid's lay,

How forms to other forms gave way,

How pert-cock'd tails, and shaggy hides,

And horns, and twenty things besides,

Grew spruce bag-wigs, or well-queu'd hair,
 The floating sack, the *Pet-en-l'air*,
 Fur gown, gold chain, or regal robe,
 Which rules, in ermin'd state, the globe.
 We wave all this, and say again,
 He thus address'd the motley train.)
 " When first I different sexes form'd,
 Happy myself, with goodness warm'd,
 I meant you help-mates for each other ;
 The ties of father, son, and brother,
 And all the charities below
 I kindly meant should spring from you.
 Were more exalted scenes your lot,
 I kindly meant, as who would not,
 The Fair should sooth the Hero's care,
 The Hero should protect the Fair ;
 The Statesman's toils a respite find
 In pleasures of domestic kind ;
 And Kings themselves in social down
 Forget the thorns which line a crown.

In humbler life, that Man should roam
 Busy abroad, whilst she at home
 Impatient for his dear return
 Should bid the crackling incense burn,
 And spread, as fortune might afford,
 The genial feast, or frugal board.
 The joys of honest Competence,
 The solace even of Indigence.

But things are chang'd, no matter how ;
 These blessings are not frequent now.
 Let Time account, as he glides on,
 For all his wings and scythe have done :
 We take you in his present page,
 The refuse of an Iron Age.
 Then hear our sober thoughts.

Ye Dames,

Affection and good-breeding claims
 That first, in preference to the males,
 We place *your* merits in the scales.

For,

For, whether 'twas design'd or not,
 You some ascendancy have got.
 Ladies, we own, have had their share
 In learning, politics, and war.
 To pass at once the doubtful tale
 Of Amazons in coats of mail,
 (Fables which ancient Greece has taught,
 And, if I knew them, I've forgot.)
 Authentic records still contain,
 To make the females justly vain,
 Examples of heroic worth—
 Semiramis of * East and † North.

* *Semeramis of East*] The wife of Ninus.

† ---and North] Margaret de Waldemar, commonly called the Semiramis of the North. She united in her own person the three kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. The first by descent, the second by marriage, and the third by conquest. See the union of Calmar, 1393.

* Marg'ret the Anjouvine ; of Spain
 † Fair Blanche ; and ‡ Ellen of Guienne.
 || Catherine of France immortal grew
 A rubric saint with Barthol'mew :
 In Russia Catherines more than one
 Have done *great things* : and many a Joan

* *Marg'ret the Anjouvine*] Wife of Henry the VIth of England, who (notwithstanding her supposed intrigue with the Duke of Suffolk) supported the interest of her husband and his family with the most heroic spirit.

† *Fair Blanche*] Blanche of Castile, wife to Louis the VIIIth of France. She governed that kingdom during the minority of her son, St. Louis, and during his absence at the holy wars, with great fortitude and success. The wicked chronicles of the times have been very free with her character.

‡ *Ellen of Guienne*] An adventurer in the Crusades. She was first married to Louis the VIIth of France, by whom she was divorced, under a pretence of consanguinity ; and was afterwards wife to Henry the IIId of England. Her behaviour here is well known.

|| *Catherine of France*] The famous Catherine of Medicis, wife to Henry the IIId of France, and mother to the three succeeding Monarchs. The massacre of Paris on St. Bartholomew's day was conducted under her auspices.

Has buſtled in the aſſive ſcene ;

§ The Pope, the Warrior, and the Queen !

But theſe are ſtars which blaze and fall ;

O'er Albion did Eliza riſe

A conſtellation of them all,

And ſhines the Virgo of the ſkies !

* Some dames of leſs athletic mold,

By mere miſfortune render'd bold,

Have drawn the dagger in defence

Of their own ſpotleſs innocence.

O'er theſe the penſive Muſe ſhall mourn,

And Pity's tear ſhall grace their urn.

* Others of more heroic part,

By juſt revenge to fury led,

§ *The Pope, &c.*] Pope Joan, Joan of Arc, and Joan of Naples.

* *Some* } Of theſe two aſſertions the Author does not chuſe
* *Others* } to give examples, as *Some* might be thought fa-

bulous, and *Others* invidious.

Have

Have plung'd it in a husband's heart,

And triumph'd o'er the mighty dead.

Tho' laurels are *their* meed, 'tis true,

Let milder females have their due,

And be with humbler myrtles crown'd,

Who * suck'd the poison from the wound.

For folks there are who don't admire

In angel forms that soul of fire,

Nor are quite pleas'd with wounds and scars

On limbs best fram'd for softer wars.

Nay now, so squeamish men are grown,

Their manners are so like your own,

That, tho' no Spartan dames we view

Thump'd, cuff'd, and wrestled black and blue,

* *Suck'd the poison*] Whether the story of Eleanor of Castile, wife to Edward the 1st of England, is fictitious or not, the Eleanor Crosses existing at present, are a sufficient testimony of her husband's affections, and his gratitude to her memory.

Ev'n flighter blemishes offend
 Some times the fair one's fondest friend.
 Glorious, no doubt, it is, to dare
 The dangers of the Sylvan war,
 When foremost in the chace you ride
 Some headlong steed, you cannot guide,
 And owe, by providence, or chance,
 Your safety to your ignorance.
 But ah ! the consequential ill
 Might *there* restrain even woman's will.
 The furrow plough'd by * Tyburn hat
 On the fair forehead's Parian flat ;
 The freckles, blotches, and parch'd skins,
 The worms, which like black-headed pins
 Peep through the damask cheek, or rise
 On noses bloated out of size,

* *Tyburn hat*] The small round hat, which acquired its
 name from its being the distinguishing mark of a pick-pocket :
 it is now adopted by gentlemen and ladies.

Are things which females ought to dread,—
But you know best, and I proceed.

Some Sages, a peculiar thought,
Think politics become you not.
Nay one, well vers'd in Nature's rules,
Calls * “cunning women knavish fools.”
—Your pardon—but I barely hint
What impious mortals dare to print.

In learning, doubtless, you have shin'd
The Paragons of human kind.
Each abstract science have explor'd ;
Have pierc'd thro' Nature's coyest hoard ;
And cropp'd the loveliest flowers that blow
On steep Parnassus' double brow.

* *Cunning women*] “A cunning woman is a knavish fool.”

Lord Lyttelton's Advice to a Lady.

And

And yet what small remains we find,

* *Aspasia* left no tracts behind ;

Content her doctrines to impart,

As oral truths, warm from the heart,

And ill-bred Time has swept away

Full many a grave and sprightly lay,

Full many a tome of just renown

Fram'd by the numerous Fair, who shone

Poetic or historic Queens,

From Sappho down to † *Anne Comnenes*.

In modern days the female pen

Is paramount, and copes with men.

* *Aspasia*] The pupils of this learned lady (if we except Socrates) were most of them her lovers too, and consequently received instruction in the most agreeable manner it could be conveyed.

† *Anne Comnenes*] A princess of great learning, daughter of Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople, during the time of the first Crusades. She wrote the history of her father's long reign, and is ranked amongst the Byzantine historians.

Ladies have led th' instructive crew,
 And kindly told us all they knew.
 In France, in Britain, many a score.—
 I mention none—to praise the more.
 And yet in that same little isle
 I view, with a peculiar smile,
 And wish to name a chosen few ;
 A — —, or a — — — —,
 Or—But I won't. It envy raises.
 Few men can bear each others praises,
 And in the fair one would not see
 A *Genus irritabile*.

Swift says, a clever school-boy's fame
 Is all at which the Sex should aim.
 It may be so, and *He* be wise—
 But *I* authorities despise.
 Men cannot judge in such affairs. .
 I grant *your* talents great as theirs.
 Your wit of a more *piercing* kind,
 Your sense more *moral* and *refin'd* ;

And

And should ye from strict reasoning swerve,
 You still have conquest in reserve.
 If arguments are sometimes flight,
 * “ Your eyes are always in the right.”
 In Love your empire is supreme,
 The Hero’s palm, the Poet’s theme.
 Nor will we dare to fix a date
 When that soft empire yields to fate.
 At seventy great Eliza lov’d,
 Tho’ coy perhaps † her heroes prov’d,
 And § Ninon had a longer reign,
 She lov’d, and was belov’d again,

(Let

* *Your eyes, &c.*] A line of Prior.

† *Her heroes*] Essex and Courtney.

§ *Ninon*] It is recorded of the celebrated Ninon l’Enclos, that a young French Abbé, of the name of Gedoyne, had long solicited her favours, and was rather astonished at her coyness. When she yielded at last, she begged his pardon for so dilatory a compliance, and pleaded as her excuse, that her female vani-

ty

(Let Gedoyne the just æra fix)

At eighty, or at eighty-six.

One little hint, before we close
 This tedious soporific dose,
 One little hint we chuse to give,
 That nuptial harmony may live.
 As husbands, tho' on small pretence,
 Are wond'rous jealous of their sense.
 Perhaps 'twere prudent to conceal
 The great accomplishments you feel,
 Then screen what pains the naked eye
 With that thin gauze call'd modesty;
 At least with diffidence maintain
 The triumphs you are sure to gain,

ty was piqued upon having a lover after she was fourscore; that she had only compleated her eightieth year the day before, and therefore hoped her *empressment* to oblige him would be a proper acknowledgement of her gratitude for his attentions.

How long the attachment lasted, the Author of this poem has modestly left undetermined.

Arm'd with this caution, justly claim
 Your genuine share of power and fame ;
 Be every thing your conscious merit
 Inspires, and with becoming spirit
 Expand each passion of the heart,
 Each talent Nature gives exert ;
 Be wise, be learn'd, be brave, nay fear'd—
 But *keep your sex*, and * HIDE THE BEARD.
 Ladies, your slave.—The Dames withdrew.
 Now, Gentlemen, I turn to you.
 You heard the lessons which I gave,
 At once both ludicrous and grave,
 And sneer'd perhaps ; but have a care,
 I only banter'd with the Fair.

* *Hide the Beard*] A certain Grecian Painter, who had usually exerted his talents on lascivious subjects, was commanded by the State under which he lived, to atone for his errors by forming a piece which should damp the most licentious appetite. He accordingly drew a naked Venus, with all the charms his imagination could suggest, and then, to make her totally disgusting, clapped on her a beard.

When

When your important cause comes on,
We take it in a higher tone.

Is there a fault in Womankind
You did not make, or strive to find ?
To rise on *your* defects you teach them,
And lose *your* virtues ere they reach them.
Would e'er ambition touch their brain,
Did *you* your lawful rule maintain,
With tenderness exert your sway,
And mildly win them to OBEY ?
Had Cæsar, Anthony, been men,
We scarce had heard of * Egypt's Queen.
Follies and vices of his own
Sunk to a slave great Philip's son ;
Nor did † Alcides learn to spin
'Till he put off the Lion's skin.

* *Egypt's Queen*] Cleopatra.

† *Alcides*] His condescensions to Omphale are well known.

Henry

Henry the fourth of France (a name
 We love, we pity, and we blame)
 Had frailties, which the meanest clown,
 Of native sense, would blush to own.
 D'Etrée, Vernueil, and twenty more,
 Will prove him vassal to a ——. on W
 Nothing could tame the headstrong lad,
 Whose pure good nature was run mad. ba A
 Ev'n toil, and penury, and pain,
 And * Sully, teiz'd and preach'd in vain.
 Nothing could stop th' insatiate rage,
 Not even the hasty † snow of age ;
 Not even his last provoking § wife,
 That fire-brand of perpetual strife,

Who

† Sully.] See his Memoirs.

‡ Snow of Age.] He was very early grey.

§ Provoking wife.] Mary of Medicis. This lady was of an ambitious intriguing spirit, with a very mean understanding. That she was a "provoking wife," Sully's Memoirs sufficiently

Who set half Europe in a flame,
And died, poor wretch, an empty name.

In what the world calls politics
You teach the Fair a thousand tricks.
Full many a mistress of a king,
At first a plain unheeded thing.
But swells in fancied dignity,
And glories in her infamy ;
'Till, to distress a weaker brother,
You play her off against each other ;
Improve the sex's native wiles,
Th' artillery of tears and smiles ;
Flatter her pride, or peevishness,
'Till she, elated by success,
Feels her own force, and, bolder grown
By your instructions, acts alone ;

sufficiently testify. The disturbances she raised at home, and the cabals she entered into abroad during her exile, are a proof of the second position. The last she must have severely felt, for she died at Cologne, in 1642, in extreme misery.

Procures

Procures now this, now that man's fall,
And fairly triumphs o'er you all.

The second Charles on England's throne
(Sav'd from oblivion by his crown)
Call him whatever you think fit,
A knave, an idiot, or a wit,
Had from his travels learnt no more
Than modern youths from Europe's tour.
To all that should improve his mind,
The voluntary dupe was blind.
Whate'er calamities fell on him,
Distress was thrown away upon him ;
The same unfeeling thoughtless thing,
Whether an Exile, or a King.

Cleaveland and Portsmouth had fine features,
And yet they were but silly creatures,
Play'd off like shuttles in a loom
(To weave the web of England's doom !
By knaves abroad, and knaves at home.

}

Of all who sooth'd his * idle hours

(To wave his *en passant* amours)

Of all who gloried in the flame,

And in broad day-light blaz'd their shame,

Spite of her † frolics and expence,

Nell Guyn alone had common sense.

Of Gaming little shall be said,

You're surfeited upon that head.

What arguments can move the mind

Where folly is with madness join'd ?

* *Idle hours*] There was as much of laziness as of love in all those hours which he passed amongst his mistresses ; who served only to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure, called Sauntering, was the true Sultana Queen he delighted in.

Duke of Buckinghamshire's Character of Charles the II.

† *Frolics and expence.*] Bishop Burnet in his History of his Own Times, says of Mrs. Guyn, that she was the indiscreetest and wildest creature that ever was in a Court, yet continued to the end of the King's life in great favour, and was maintained at a vast expence.

He might have added, to her credit, that she never meddled at all with the wretched politics of those times.

What

What sober reasoning can prevail,
Where even contempt and ruin fail ?
Yet let me mention, betwixt friends,
“ Burn not the taper at both ends.”

Why must your Wives be taught by you
That needless art to squander too ?
Whene’er they shew their bracelet strings,
Their dear white hands, and brilliant rings,
It should be in a quiet way ;
Ladies should piddle, and not play.

You know too well *your* glorious power,
Greatly to lose in half an hour
What cost your ancestors with pain
At least full half an age to gain.
Then let your spouses (to be grave)
For coals and candles something save,
And keep their pin-money and jointures,
To free from jail the kind Appointers.

Learning—you scarce know what it is.
Then put the question, and ’tis this :

'True learning is the mind's good-breeding,
 'Tis Common Sense improv'd by reading.
 If Common Sense, that corner-stone,
 Is wanting, let the rest alone.
 Better be fools without pretence,
 Than coxcombs even of eminence.

* Eve from her husband's lips preferr'd
 What she from angels might have heard,

* *Eve.*] In the eighth book of *Paradise Lost*, whilst Adam
 was conversing with Raphael,

—and by his countenance seem'd

Entring on studious thoughts abstruse—

Eve retired.

Yet went she not as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high—

But because,

Her Husband the relater she preferr'd
 Before the Angel.—

The Poet assigns a reason for it.

---From *his* lip

Not *words* alone pleas'd *her*.

And

And wisely chose to understand
Exalted truths at second hand.
Should your soft mates adopt her notions,
And for instruction wait *your* motions,
To what improvements would they reach ?
—Lord bless you, what have *you* to teach ?

Yes, one thing, I confess, you deal in,
And read it fairly without spelling.
In that, I own, your zeal is such,
You even communicate too much.
In matter, spirit, and in fate
Your knowledge is extremely great,
Nobly deserting common sense
For metaphysic excellence.
And yet whate'er you say, or sing,
Religion is a serious thing.
At least to *me*, you will allow,
A Deity, it must be so.
Then let me whisper—" Don't perplex
" With specious doubts the weaker sex.

" Let

“ Let them enjoy their Tates and Bradys,

“ Free-thinking is not sport for Ladies.”

Is't not enough *you* read Voltaire,

Whilst sneering valets frizz your hair,

And half asleep, with half an eye

Steal in dear infidelity ?

Is't not enough Helvetius' schemes

Elucidate *your* waking dreams,

(Tho' each who on the doctrine doats

Skips o'er the text, to skim the notes,)

Why must the fair be made the wise

Partakers of your mysteries ?

You'll say they listen to your chat.

I grant them fools, but what of that ?

Your prudence sure might be so civil

To let your females fear the *devil*.

Even for the comfort of your lives

Some must be Mothers, Daughters, Wives ;

Howe'er it with *your* genius suits,

They should not *all* be prostitutes.

Firm as the sage Lucretius draws
 Above Religion, Morals, Laws,
 Secure (tho' at a proper distance)
 Of that *great blessing* NON-EXISTENCE,
You triumph ; each a Deity
 In all, but immortality.
 Why therefore will ye condescend
 To teize a weak believing friend,
 Whose honest ignorance might gain
 From error a relief in pain,
 And bear with fortitude and honour
 The miseries *you* brought upon her ?
 Momus perhaps would flily say,
 For Momus has a *merry* way,
 Why will your *wisdom* and your *wit*
 To such degrading tricks submit ?
 Why in soft bosoms raise a riot ?
 Can't ye be d—mn'd yourselves in quiet ?

But that's an after-thought ; at present
 We merely wish you to be decent.

And

And just will add some trifling things,
 From whence, *We* think, confusion springs,

You'll easily conceive in Gods,
 Who fix in air their thin abodes,
 And feast on incense, and ambrosia,
 Foul feeding must create a nausea.

Yet we ourselves to flesh and blood
 Have granted more substantial food,
 Nor wonder that, in times like yours,
 All but the poor are Epicures,
 And reason from effects to causes,
 On Roti's, Entremets, and Sauces.
 But here be wise, the reason's clear,
 Be niggards of your knowledge here,
 And to yourselves alone confine
 That first of blessings, how to dine.
 For should the Fair *your* taste pursue,
 And eating be *their* science too,

Should

Should they too catch this nasty trick,
 (The bare idea makes me sick)
 What would become of Nature's boast ?
 Their beauty, and their sex were lost.
 —I turn disgusted from the scene,—
She-Gluttons are *She*-Aldermen.

Another precept lingers yet,
 To make the tiresome group compleat.
 In all your commerce with the Sex,
 Whether you mean to please, or vex,
 If not well-bred, at least be civil,
 Ill manners are a catching evil.
 I speak to the superior few.
 —Ye British youths, I speak to you.

The ancient heroes of Romance,
 Idolaters in complaisance,
 So hit the Sex's dearest whim,
 So rais'd them in their own esteem,
 That ev'ry conscious worth increas'd,
 And ev'ry foible sunk to rest.

Nay,

Nay, ev'n when Chivalry was o'er,
 And adoration reign'd no more,
 Within due bounds the following sect
 Restrain'd them by profound respect;
 Politely grasp'd the filken reins,
 And held them in ideal chains.

But now, when *you* appear before 'em,
 You want all deference, and decorum;
 And, conscious of good Heav'n knows what,
 Noddle your heads, and slouch your hat;
 Or, careless of the circling throng,
 Thro' full assemblies lounge along,
 And on a couch politely throw
 Your listless limbs without a bow,
 While all the Fair, like Sheba's Queen,
 Croud eager to th' inviting scene,
 And o'er that couch in raptures hang
 To hear their Solomons harangue.
 No doubt 'tis edifying stuff,
 (For gentle ears are cannon-proof)

And

And wise the doctrines which you teach,
 But your examples more than preach.
 For 'tis from hence your high-bred lasses
 Lose, or despise, their native graces.
 Hence comes it that at every rout
 They hoyden in, and hoyden out.
 The modest dignity of yore,
 The step chastis'd, is seen no more.
 They hop, they gallop, and they trot,
 A curtsy is a thing forgot.
 Th' affected stare, the thrust-out chin,
 The leer, the titter, and the grin,
 Supply what "hung on Hebe's cheek,
 "And lov'd to live in dimple fleck."
 Nay, some who boast their sixteen quarters
 One might mistake for chandlers daughters.
 Ah, could these triflers of a day
 Know what their masters think and say,

When

When o'er their claret they debate
 Each pretty victim's future fate ;
 With what contempt and malice fraught
 They sneer the follies they have taught ;
 How deep a blush their cheek would fire !
 Their little breasts would burst with ire ;
 And the most heedless mawkin there,
 The loveliest idiot, drop a tear.
 Virtues have sexes, past a doubt,
 Mythologists have mark'd them out ;
 Nor yet in excellence alone
 Have this peculiar difference shown :
 Your Vices—that's too hard a name—
 Your Follies—should not be the same.
 In every plant, in every grain
 Of Nature's genuine works we find
 Some innate essences remain
 Which mark the species, and the kind.

Tho'

Tho' forms may vary, round or square,
 Be smooth, be rough, be regular;
 Tho' colours separate or unite,
 The sport of superficial light;
 Yet is there *Something*, That, or This,
 By Nature's kind indulgence sown,
 Which makes each thing be what it is,
 A Tree a Tree, a Stone a Stone.
 So in each sex distinct and clear
 A genuine *Something* should appear,
 A *Je ne sai quoi*, however slight,
 To vindicate the natural right.

Then, Sirs, for I perceive you yawn,
 Be this conclusion fairly drawn :
 Sexes are *proper*, and not *common*;
 Man *must* be Man, and Woman Woman.
 In short, be Coxcombs if you please,
 Be arrant Ladies in your dress ;

Be every name the vulgar give
 To what their grossness can't conceive !
 Yet one small favour let me ask,
 Not to impose too hard a task—
 Whether you fix your fancied reign
 In brothels, or in drawing-rooms,
 The little *Something* still retain.

Be Gamesters, Gluttons, Jockies, Grooms,
 Be all which Nature never meant,
 Free-thinkers in the full extent,
 But ah, for *Something* be rever'd,
 And keep your *Sex*, and SHOW THE BEARD.

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F I N I S.

